

Author: Martin Parker (c.1600-c.1656)

Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1640

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Parker, Martin. 1640. *A Paire of Turtle Doves; Or, A Dainty New Scotch Dialogue between a Yong-Man and his Mistresse, both Correspondent in Affection, &c.* London: Printed for Thomas Lambert. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: April 2006

Number of words: 751

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

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A Paire of Turtle Doves; Or, A Dainty New Scotch Dialogue between a Yong-Man and his Mistresse, both Correspondent in Affection, &c. (1640)

To a pretty pleasant tune, called the absence of my Mistresse, or I live not where I love.

Yong-man.

Must the Absence of my Mistresse

gar me be thus discontent,

As thus to leaue me in distresse,

and with languor to lament:

Nothing earthly shall diuorce me

from my deerest, but disdaine,

Nor no fortune shall enforce me,

from my fairest to refraine.

O my deerest,

*My heart neerest:
When shall I so happy bee
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maist part from me.*

Maide.
Since my absence doth so greeue thee,
it doth wound me to the heart:
But I prethee be contented,
sith the Fates will haue it so,
Though our meeting be preuented,
thou my constancy shalt know.
*O my sweetest,
The compleatest
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune
Ile importune,
Soone to make our Ioyes compleate.*

Yong-man.
Since thy absence doth conjure me
with perplexity and paine,
What would thy presence then allure me,
for to see thee once againe:
As thy absence sends such sadnesse
that it scarcely can be told:
So thy presence yeeldeth gladnesse,
to all eyes that thee behold.
O my deerest, &c.

Maide.
What reward then shall I render,
to him that me doth so respect,
But my constancy to tender,
With like fauour to affect:
And since thy loue to me is feruent,
so my heart shall be to thee,
And as thou prou'st my loyall seruant,
thy true Mistresse I will be,
*O my sweetest,
The compleatest
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune
Ile importune,*

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Soone to make our Ioyes compleate.

Yong-man.

Then my Loue, my Doue, my fairest,
sith I may repose such trust,
In my heart thou only sharest,
none else craue a portion must:
Thou hast settled thy affection
upon me and none beside,
And I of thee haue made election,
thou alone shalt be my Bride.

Come my deerest,

My heart neerest:

When shall I so happy bee

To embrace thee,

And to place thee,

Where thou nere maist part from me.

Maide.

My hearts Joy, more sweet than honey,
or the odoriferous rose,
I haue laid such hold upon thee,
as the world can nere unlose
The Gordian knot, which though as yet
is not by *Hymen* tyed fast,
Yet Heauen knowes my heart is set
an thee my choice, while breath doth last.
Come my sweetest, &c.

The second part. To the same tune.

Young-man.

When Hyperion doth for euer
from the Skye obscure his rayes,
When bright Luna (constant neuer)
leaues to seuer nights from dayes:
When the Sea doth cease from running,
when all thus change preposterously,
Then that firme vow which I once made,
(and not till then) Ile breake with thee.

Come my deerest,

My heart neerest:

When shall I so happy be,

To embrace thee,

And to place thee,

Where thou nere maist part from me.

Maide.

When rich misers throw their mony
in the streetes, and hoord up stones,
When my Fathers Nagge so bonny,
leaues good hay to pick dry bones:
And when the dogge conforme to that,
doth change his food for Oates and hay,
Then shall my oath be out of date,
or else last till my dying day.

Come my sweetest,

The compleatest

Man alive in my conceite,

Lady Fortune

Ile importune,

Soone to make our joyes compleate.

Young-man.

When the Bucke, the Hare, or Cony
doe pursue the Dogge to death,
When a rocke so hard and stony,
can dissolv'd be with man's breath:
When turtles make a second chusing;
then will I a new Loue seeke,
Till then all but thee refusing,
though I might change euery weeke.

Come my deerest, &c.

Maide.

When both toads, with snakes and adders,
breed upon the Irish ground,
When men scale the Skie with Ladders,
when two *Phoenixes* are found:
When the Goose the Fox doth follow,
or seeke to hunt him forth his den,
Or swine in dirt refuse to wallow,
Ile not forsake my loue till then.

Come my sweetest, &c.

Young-man.

Then sweet Loue sith both agree thus,
hauing hearts reciprocally,
Long I hope we shall not be thus
barred from the principall



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Of all our joy, which is blest marriage,
Hymen haste to knit the knot,
I'th meane time our constant carriage,
will i'th world nere be forgot.
Come my deerest,
My heart neerest:
When shall I so happy be,
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maist part from me.

